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HISTORICAL NOTES OF OLD LAND MARKS ON THE WESTERN SLOPE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

CANTONMENT LORING.

WM. F. EDGAR, M. D.

[Read June 3, 1891.]

In August, 1849, the writer arrived, as medical officer, with a battalion of the U. S. Mounted Rifles, at a point on Lewis' fork of the Columbia or Snake river, near the Hudson Bay trading post of "Fort Hall," in latitude $40^{\circ} 1' 30''$ N., longitude $112^{\circ} 29' 54''$ W., and altitude 4,800 feet.

The object of this battalion of troops was to establish a military station in this locality, for the purpose of giving protection and aid to the emigrants on the Oregon trail. A site was selected on the left bank of the river, about five miles east of the trading post, and named "Cantonment Loring," in honor of the Lieutenant Colonel commanding the regiment of mounted riflemen. Men were immediately put to cutting and collecting the only kind of timber to be found in that part of the country—small, crooked cottonwood logs, with which, and a plenty of mud, a number of little houses or huts were constructed in the form of a hollow square, with roofs of mud. Snow fell in November, while the troops were still occupying tents, but by the first of December, when the snow had accumulated to the depth of eight or ten inches, they moved into the huts, which were comparatively comfortable, with the deep, dry snow that covered and surrounded them. Some of these huts had small windows of two to four panes of 8×10 glass, but very often light through them was intercepted by the banking against them of the snow, which had to be drawn away to admit the light. In these huts, mostly, the troops passed the winter of 1849-50, which was considered a particularly hard one by the trappers, mountaineers and Indians of the vicinity. A record of the temperature at the time shows an average mean temperature for December, January and February of this year was 23.62° Fahrenheit, and during this time the thermometer occasionally fell to 28° or 30° below zero. Snow covered the ground from December to March to the depth of from two to three feet, but it was dry and light and not very uncomfortable to those who could afford to wear two pairs of moccasins, with thick woolen socks.

The snow about the post was so deep continuously that it was impossible for the cavalry horses to get at the dried bunch-grass beneath, and a handful of corn occasionally, together with the tender branches of cottonwood shrubs that were cut down for them to browse upon, was the limit of their forage; consequently many of them perished from starvation, as did over a thousand head of cattle, it was said, from the same cause, in "Cache Valley," where they were sent to winter, upon the recommendation of some of the experienced mountaineers attached to the command. During the winter most of the officers and some of the men of the command put in a part of their time chasing and catching antelope in the deep snow on the plains, as they could not get out of the way of the horses in the snow, and were easily captured or killed with revolvers; but they were thin and lean, the hams only being reserved for food, which were very acceptable, as the commissary supply had already been reduced to a small quantity of pork and beans. There were a great many big white mountain wolves about the post, drawn hither, doubtless, by the abundance of food to be found upon the carcasses of the dead animals, upon which they fattened, and many of them were caught around these carcasses with beaver traps, which were hidden under the snow, and the fighting between these trapped wolves and the dogs of the post was a daily diversion. As this was before the coal oil period, and our supply of candles at the post having given out, the grease of these wolves, with a rag, in a metallic lamp, was substituted. Catching antelope in the snow and wolves in the traps, together with a band of minstrels, improvised among the soldiers, constituted the chief recreation at the post. One mail from the east reached the command while here, and that was brought in by a mountaineer on snow shoes. Two efforts were made by the commanding officer to send a mail east with official and other papers. The first failed in consequence of the carrier not being able to cross the Rocky Mountains, the snow being of such great depth; the second attempt was made by a Canadian trapper, on snow shoes, who succeeded in crossing the mountains and reaching "Ash Hollow," where he was captured by the Sioux, who decapitated him and destroyed our mail — his head afterwards being found two miles from his body.

This station was abandoned in April, 1850, by order of the War Department, and the command marched to Vancouver, on the lower Columbia. In those days the younger officers of the command, while sitting around the fires in their huts during the long, cold nights, would, by way of diversion, in imagination project themselves into futurity some twenty-five or thirty years, and imagine themselves as

old men — meeting and talking over old times — one astonishing the other by telling of the wonderful changes that had come to pass in that very country in the way of farms, towns and *railroads*, and in great glee look upon the matter as a similar party now would with reference to building a railroad to the moon ; but “facts are stranger than fiction,” for these very things came to pass in much less time than had been jestingly imagined.

In October, 1849, Capt. Howard Stansbury, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, and party, arrived at our camp to get certain supplies which he would need in carrying out certain instructions of the War Department in making a topographical survey of Utah or Salt Lake Valley. When Capt. Stansbury and party left our camp early in the month of October, the commanding officer of the troops took an escort of some thirty soldiers and accompanied Stansbury to Bear river, in Utah, where a camp was made for a time. The writer accompanied this escort, and after being in the Bear river camp a few days, with nothing to do, got a leave to visit the settlements of the “Latter Day Saints,” and not being able to get company, set out alone.

In 1881, thirty-two years afterwards, I visited the East by the Central Pacific Railroad, with my wife. The railroad crosses the trail of that early day. I had promised the editor of the “Los Angeles Commercial” that I would write his paper a few letters in regard to the trip I intended making. I did so, and as the first letter referred mostly to the incidents of that escort trip of October, 1849, and as it contains a few points of historical interest of that period, I have transcribed it from the original manuscript.

[Copy of letter.]

“Daily Commercial,” Los Angeles, 1881.

“LETTER FROM A FORTY-NINER.”

Dear “Commercial:”—Perhaps a little gossipy scribbling from a forty-niner in a Pullman car, reviewing a portion of his mule trail of the long ago, may interest some of your readers who still retain an indistinct recollection of the trail. A sail up the coast to “Frisco” from the dust of Southern California, in August, is not an unpleasant beginning for a journey across the continent.

The ride over the Sierras is grand and exciting, and aside from the gloomy and sombre aspect of the snow sheds, one sees little of interest in Nevada, and soon tires of the lazy Humboldt and its long, alkaline valley, but after crossing into Utah, and descending into Salt Lake Valley, and catching a glimpse of the lake, stock in the trip begins to rise, for here “imagination bodies forth the forms of things”

well-known to the subscriber—from an experience which he has not forgotten, and which now loomed up afresh, and—

“The thoughts of former years glided over his soul
Like swift-shooting meteors over Ardven’s gloomy vales.”

Rounding the northern end of the lake, the train now crosses a well-developed road leading northward. This I recognized as the growth of a trail over which I passed on a little yellow mule in October, 1849. Being on duty with a detachment of the U. S. Mounted Riflemen, as an escort to a U. S. topographical engineer, encamped on Bear River, some forty miles north of the nearest settlements in the valley, I got a leave of absence to visit the settlements, and at break of day, on a cloudy October morning, I sallied forth alone on that mule, and soon struck the trail above referred to. On this trail I traveled all day long without seeing a soul—unless wolves are souls—and night, a terrible, dark, rainy night overtook me, near where the railroad *now* crosses the old-time trail. It soon became so dark that I could not see the trail any longer, and the mule, being both hungry and tired, did not want to see it. So I unsaddled, and putting the saddle-blanket about my shoulders, sat down on the saddle, intending to make a night of it. The rain poured down on me, and the wolves howled about me, and I concluded that the situation was not desirable. In the course of an hour the rain slackened, and the clouds cleared up slightly, and standing up and peering into the darkness, I fancied that I saw a light some distance off and a little out of my supposed direction, but I concluded to go for it. I saddled up, and took the direction. After miring down in a swamp, and breaking my way through brush, I found myself in the immediate vicinity of an Indian encampment (Utes I afterwards learned), but thinking that I might not be received by them as a “man and brother,” I beat a hasty retreat, and after going a hundred yards or so from their camp, I heard a shot, but whether it was intended for me or not, I did not know, nor did I think it worth while to return to inquire. After wandering around in a swamp and brush nearly an hour, I again saw what I thought another light, and struck straight for it, as it seemed in the right direction. Soon I was in a low bottom land, with brush high above my head, and through which I struck a narrow opening which proved to be the trail again. On I urged, and soon heard the roaring of a stream—I knew that I had one to cross. The roaring came nearer and nearer, and into the river went the mule—head and neck, but not the ears. The stream was swollen from the prevailing heavy rain, and in a moment we were afloat—swimming the “Box-Elder,” and the mule was doing his “level best”—

not on my account, but on his own. Fortunately the stream was not very wide, and I staid with the mule till he made the opposite bank, where we emerged all right, minus a pair of saddle-bags, containing my only change of clothing. The trail having disappeared again, I anchored the mule, and went on foot to feel for it in the dark, but just as I began to feel a little encouraged, two big wolves jumped from under my nose with such growls and gnashing of teeth as induced me immediately to "rally on the reserve," which I mounted, and making a circle of a hundred yards or so, struck the trail again, and on reaching the higher land, I saw my light again, which, when finally reached, turned out to be—no Indian light or *ignis fatuus* either—but, to my joy, the camp-fire of a small government train loaded with anti-scorbutics for the troops at Cantonment Loring, who were suffering from scurvy. The train men greatly encouraged me by saying that it was only five or six miles, over a fair road, to Brown's settlement, for which I now made with the only persuasion that influences a mule (spurs), but he now did very well, for I think he scented forage ahead; and, at about 2:30 in the morning, I drew up in front of Mr. Brown's who, like myself, had been having a night of it, for he was up making "saur kraut." He came out, received me kindly and took me in—the mule too—and, seeing that I was rather moist, made a big fire, gave me a fair, adult dose of "valley tan," and showed me to a warm bed, into which I turned, with a heart full of gratitude towards Mr. Brown, the Mrs. Browns, the little Browns (too numerous to mention), and in fact all the Browns that had ever lived up to that time.

Now, in passing on the railroad that point of my early exploits, I can but reflect upon the difference between *then* and *now*. Then I was a light-mustached, long-haired youth, with no responsibility in the world but that "yaller mule," but now a grizzly-bearded controller of an entire section of a Pullman car, with all the responsibility that the marital relation enjoins.

It is said that "we know not what a day may bring forth," but *I do now know* what thirty-two years have brought forth—among other great things, a railroad that took me from the Pacific Slope to the Missouri River in less days than it took months for the mule to take me the same distance.

"49ER."

OMAHA, August, 1881.

HISTORICAL NOTES OF OLD LAND MARKS IN CALIFORNIA.

OLD FORT MILLER.

WM. F. EDGAR, M. D.

[Read Nov. 8, 1890.]

Camp, afterwards Fort, Miller was established the 26th of May, 1851, on the left bank of the San Joaquin River, in latitude 37° N., longitude $119^{\circ} 40'$ W., altitude 402 feet; and was occupied by two companies (B and K) of the Second U. S. Infantry—the former company being that of Captain, afterwards General, Nathaniel Lyon. The camp was named in honor of a field officer of the Second Infantry, Major Albert S. Miller, who died in September of '52, and after that the post was built, and called Fort Miller. The fort was made just within the foot hills of the great Sierras, where they form a small valley on the river, in which was situated the large Rancheria of the San Joaquin Indians, the principal remnant of the great Pitcatche tribe. These hills were sparsely covered with an inferior and brittle species of white oak, interspersed with a rather stunted growth of pine, of which a stockade was built during the summer, and inside of this stockade two rows of small, canvas-covered houses—one row for the soldiers and the other for the officers of the command—together with some canvas houses, one for a hospital and the others for laundresses' quarters, and so forth.

These hills disappear about three miles down the river, upon the vast plains that stretch north and south several hundred miles, and which have an average width of about fifty miles, and, save where marked by water-courses, are destitute of timber; and are, therefore, unprotected in summer from the burning rays of the sun, but happily the nights are generally cool.

The soil of the hills, as well as of the valley, is generally of an argillaceous character, and the country adjacent to the post is remarkable only for its occasional gold-bearing quartz veins.

This gold was the direct cause of the establishment of the post, for in the previous year (1850) prospectors had already entered the country and soon came into collision with the natives, by whom some of them were killed, for in addition to some whose bodies were never found, the troops, on their arrival at the locality where their camp was made, discovered close by, on the bank of the river, a pair of

legs protruding from the sand which belonged to a body killed by the Indians and hastily covered in the sand there by some of the fleeing companions.

After the establishment of the post, miners and traders accumulated very fast, and the little canvas-built village of Millerton, on the river a mile below the post, soon sprung up and flourished. A large amount of gold was taken out of the river and adjacent gulches. The river bed, where it could be reached, yielded the best results in fine gold — to those not afraid of cold water — for just above the little town the river had a solid rock bottom, with numerous cross-fissures or crevices, which caught the fine gold mixed with black sand, and these proved very profitable pockets whenever they could be reached. The Indians soon found this out, and when moved by the spirit of trade, two of them would form a co-partnership and one would hunt up an old, empty sardine box from the street and with this they would go to the riffle above town; and while the one with the box in his hand would *dive*, his partner would seize him by the feet and hold him down until an understood kick signaled him to let go, when the diver would come up with his box full of sand, which when properly panned out would yield two or three dollars in fine gold, and sometimes more. About this time a considerable mining fever was prevalent in the vicinity of the post, but it gradually subsided after it was ascertained that a large ditch, which was cut to turn the water from the river bed, was several feet higher at its outlet than it was at its inlet.

I joined this command as its medical officer a few months after it had established the camp, and on my way out to it I was joined at Stockton by a lieutenant who also was going to join his company out there, and while waiting for some government opportunity for transportation, the lieutenant found an acquaintance who kindly offered us his horse and buggy for the trip, which we gratefully accepted, and started out bright and early the next morning for our destination, some 150 miles distant. We got along very well, but slowly, until after we crossed the Merced river, when our road became a mere trail, with an occasional wagon track — the remains of the evidence that our command had preceded us. This partially broken road we managed to keep until not far north of the Chowchille River, when we began to think that night would overtake us before we could make the river, where we expected to find some accommodations for staying over night. Finally, about dark we espied a new log cabin that had just been built up, but not finished, and was covered with a piece of cotton cloth. We soon found the landlord, a solitary frontiersman, who informed us that he was about

to open a hotel and that we could "put up" with him for the night, and pointed to a place which he said was good for picketing our horse, but that if his partner, who had gone antelope hunting, was not successful, consequently we ourselves would have to put up with rather slim fare, but that we could make our beds among the chips and shavings in the cabin, which being so much more comfortable than the outside, we would be compensated for any shortness in the supper. The partner returned soon after dark, but without anything to add to the larder, whereupon the landlord boiled for the second time a piece of a haunch of antelope, which, with the broth in lieu of tea or coffee, sufficed for supper. After this we retired for the night, with our overcoats, among the chips and shavings. In the morning we had for breakfast the same fare, from the same haunch of antelope. We left this hotel early in the morning, and reached the San Joaquin River about sunset, and forded it in our buggy just below what was afterwards known as "Converse's Ferry," to the astonishment of those better acquainted with the river than we were, but we crossed safely, though our buggy was filled with water.

A month after this and about two miles further down the river I saw a band of elk—supposed to be about fifty—also fording the river. I doubt if now a wild elk could be found in the State.

Fort Miller was established chiefly for the purpose of controlling the Indians between the Merced and Kern rivers, which it did very effectually, as the rancheria of the largest tribe among them was in reach of the guns of the fort. Fort Miller, however, was so enclosed by the hills and adjacent high mountains that the direct and reflected rays of the sun made it the hottest midday station on the coast—barely excepting Yuma, whose average temperature for the summer of 1853 is recorded as being 92.92° and that of Miller for the same period as 85.86° , and the maximum temperature for each in July, 1855, was, for Yuma 116° , and for Miller 110° , Fahrenheit.

In June, 1852, the command at Miller was ordered on an expedition to the Yosemite Valley, and knowing that observations on temperature at the post would be suspended for a while, and the river rising from the melting snow in the adjacent mountains, I had some curiosity to ascertain the difference in temperature between the air and the snow-melted water of the river. I took the thermometer from where it had been exposed a few minutes in the open air to the sun, and where it marked 123° , and dipped its bulb into the river water, and it fell to 45° —a difference of 78° . The year 1852 was one of those exceptionally wet years referred to in a paper in this society's publication of last year by Prof. J. M. Guinn, in which he refers to the precipitation of this locality in 1851-52 (giving me as

authority) of 46 inches ; but on hunting up and consulting the old record I found that the precipitation for 1852 was 49.36 inches ; and by adding to this the precipitation of December, 1851, it foots up 59.76 inches for the exceptional season of 1851-52. Whereas the next *five* years, from 1853 to 1857, inclusive, only foots up for the *five years* 59.12 inches, and this was in the foothills ; but out on the plains it was considered so dry a country that many abandoned it.

In 1853 a very comfortable adobe hospital and some new sets of quarters were built, which greatly relieved the discomforts of the post. About this time certain parties conceived the idea of laying out a town down the river — a short distance above where the Southern Pacific railroad now crosses it — to be called Joaquina. They cut a sort of landing on the bank, and induced a steamboat to come up during high water and land at the place ; but I believe that it was the first as well as the last steamboat that landed there, and Joaquina remains as it was — a town of the imagination. Captain, afterwards General Ord, I believe was the last regular officer to command Fort Miller, and he left there in 1858 with his command for service in Oregon, and I accompanied him.

The post was finally abandoned October 1, 1864, and afterwards sold, since which time I believe it has been used as the center of a stock ranch.

IN THE SACRAMENTO AND SAN JOAQUIN VALLEYS.

[Read December 1, 1890.]

OLD FORTS READING AND TEJON. — Old Fort Reading is located in the upper part of the Sacramento Valley, in latitude $40^{\circ} 30' 22''$ north, longitude $122^{\circ} 5'$ west, and with an altitude of 674 feet. It holds about the same relation to the Sacramento Valley that Fort Tejon does to the San Joaquin Valley, being situated where the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains separate to form the Sacramento Valley, whereas the latter is situated just where they come together again after forming the San Joaquin Valley. Fort Reading is about a mile east of the Sacramento River, and in the valley of and near the junction of a branch called "Cow Creek."

It was named after Maj. Pierson B. Reading, a pioneer of 1843, who lived in that neighborhood, and died in 1868. The writer was ordered to this post as its medical officer, at which he reported for duty in February, 1854, and found it occupied by two companies of the Fourth U. S. Infantry and in command of Brevt.-Col. Wright, of that regiment. The troops and employes were and had been suffering from intermittent fever since the establishment of the post

in May, 1852. In fact, a comparison of the statistics of diseases of the post with the abstract of diseases of all the other posts in Northern California, show that one-half of all the cases of intermittent or malarial fever reported occurred at this one post, although the troops were quartered in comfortable adobe buildings. The mean annual temperature at the post for three years—1852-53-54—is recorded as 62.09, maximum 110, minimum 15, range 95, Fahrenheit, with an annual rainfall for the same period of 29.02 inches. Being very susceptible to and suffering like others at the post from the malaria of the place, I was relieved from duty and ordered to join Company A of the U. S. Dragoons, for service at the Tejon Indian reservation, near which a site for a post had already been selected. Fort Reading was abandoned in January, 1867.

FORT TEJON.

Old Fort Tejon was established August 10, 1854, in latitude 34° 55' north, longitude 118° 53' west. The altitude is not given, but it is probably not less than 2000 or 2500 feet above the sea level, as it is up in the mountains at what has been called "the head of the San Joaquin Valley." Here the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains meet and form a pass out of the valley known as the "Cañada de las Uvas" (cañon of currents). Up this cañada some three or four miles in the mountains, where a glen containing a few acres opens into it from the west, and about fifteen miles south and a little east of the Indian reservation of the valley and nearly the same distance south of the noted "Tehachipe pass." Tejon is the Spanish for badger, and if the valley had been called Badger Valley instead of Tejon Valley, we thus would have had unmixed English, and perhaps Fort Badger instead of Fort Tejon, which would have greatly facilitated eastern correspondence, as at first many letters were received at the post directed "Fort Tejohn," "Fort Tehon," etc. The location of the post was among large, umbrageous oak trees that bore large crops of acorns, and therefore had been a great rendezvous for grizzly bears which infested the surrounding mountains. When the acorns were ripe, and for the first few days after the command was encamped there, it was visited nightly by a very large grizzly, which generally stampeded all the horses and mules in camp, until he found out that the carbines of the soldiers were dangerous.

My tent was pitched under one of those large oaks, which was hewn flat on one side, and on this hewn surface was engraven the words: "I, John Beck, was killed here by a bear, October 17, 1837." I inquired of the Indians living at the mouth of the cañada, who

were the only inhabitants there at that time, in regard to the matter, and got the information that, many years previously some trappers were passing through the cañada, when, seeing so many bears, one of the party went off by himself in pursuit of a large grizzly and shot it under that tree, and supposing that he had killed it, went up to it, when it caught and killed him, and his companions buried him under the tree, upon which they cut his epitaph. This locality, although a great resort for bears, had also been a great slaughter ground for them, as was evidenced by the great number of bear skulls that were to be seen lying around, for within a hundred yards or so from my tent I collected and threw into a pile a dozen or more in one day after arriving on the ground.

Fort Tejon, though pleasant in summer, being in the mountains, was subject to great snow storms in winter, and then it became very cold, of which I have a very vivid though painful recollection, although thirty-nine years ago. Being called out of bed one such night in December, 1854, while suffering from the prostrating effects of chronic malarial fever (a souvenir of Reading), to see an old sergeant who had been seriously injured, across the mountains some five miles distant, I went forth in the height of a snow storm, accompanied by a teamster, who, in consequence of the depth of the snow, lost the trail, resulting, consequently, in great hardship and unusual exertion, which, together with being pitched over the head of a falling horse, resulted in a paralytic stroke on returning to the post the following morning. As soon as I was able to travel after this accident I was ordered East — having been on the Coast about six years, and to which I again returned early in 1857, when the recollections of my friends and acquaintances were fresh in regard to the great earthquake of the previous January, especially at Tejon.

The quarters of the officers and soldiers and houses generally at Tejon were made of adobe, among which the damage was greater from the earthquake mentioned than at any other point where it was felt. Chimneys were thrown down and the walls of the houses were so greatly damaged that the inmates took refuge in tents on and about the parade ground. The effects of the quake seemed to have been worse here and through the mountains eastward than anywhere else, as the earth was opened by a rent some eight or ten feet wide, and in places more, and which was more or less traceable, as I was informed by an old pioneer of San Bernardino county who was in the habit of driving cattle over this route to the North — from near the southwest corner of that county, through the mountains by Elizabeth Lake, to Tejon, where its effects were the most severe.

This rent closed up immediately, but the loosened earth thrown up would not fit back in it, and therefore left more or less of a ridge

which marked the line of eruption. This convulsion was very severely felt in the Tulare Valley and as far west as the San Joaquin River, and caused some rather amusing (as well as serious) incidents of which the following is worthy of being mentioned, as told to the writer a few months afterwards :

A miner who had spread his blankets, and with his rifle by his side had passed the night near one of the large oak trees in the vicinity of the post, was lying there awake, when the quake frightened him up, just in time to see the earth open and close forever over his blankets and beloved rifle. In Tulare Valley, near the Lake, an old forty-niner who had been sheriff of the county at one time and who was well known to the writer as being a man of veracity, who was called "Poin" for short, said that he and a friend had gone out among the big trees of the valley hunting wild pigeons on the morning of the earthquake, and his friend seeing some pigeons in a big tree, fired at them, killing some, while the remainder of the flock flew away, and just then the effect of the quake was seen in the swaying to and fro of the big tree, when the friend remarked: "Well, did you ever see so small a flock of pigeons shake so large a tree?" and stooping to pick up a bird that had fallen dead from the tree, tipped over on his nose; but rising up, very much frightened, said, "Poin, what's the matter with the world?" who, with blanched cheek and protruding eyes, replied, "Damfino—let's go;" whereupon both men started and ran three-quarters of a mile to a house where there was a woman and children who were crying and very much frightened at what they had just experienced; but the oldest child, a girl of some twelve or thirteen years, who had been away to school where she had learned something of the phenomenon that had alarmed them, was trying to explain to the mother that it was an earthquake. "And this," he said, "was the first time that the thought of an earthquake had entered the heads of us two bearded men."

The following meteorological data is taken from the records of the post for three years, 1856-57-58: Mean annual temperature for three years, 58.73° (Fahrenheit); maximum annual average temperature for three years, 94° (Fahrenheit); minimum annual temperature for three years, 25° (Fahrenheit); range of thermometer, average, for three years, 69° (Fahrenheit). Mean number of (annual) rainy days for same time, 43; mean number of (annual) snowy days for same time, 9, which snow, when melted and added to the rain water, made the annual precipitation 22.62 inches.

Tejon was the only post in Southern California where snow fell.

The post, as a military station, was abandoned September 11, 1864.

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

[Read March 2, 1891.]

The military stations of San Louis Rey, Rancho del Chino, Rancho de Jurupa, Camp Cady and Drum Barracks.

In writing up historical notes of the old, abandoned military posts and stations of Southern California, it seems proper that the above mentioned abandoned stations, though probably of less importance than some of those mentioned heretofore, should not be overlooked.

SAN LOUIS REY.—The old mission of that name, in San Diego County, some forty miles northwest of the city of San Diego, was occupied by a troop of the First U. S. Dragoons from 1848 to 1849, when, in May of the latter year, it was abandoned.

RANCHO DEL CHINO—was occupied in 1851 as a military station by a company of the Second U. S. Infantry until September, 1852, when the troops were transferred to the Rancho de Jurupa, some twenty miles to the eastward, on the Santa Ana River, and near the present site of the town of Riverside, in latitude 34° N., longitude $117^{\circ} 27'$ W., and altitude 1,000 feet. The mean temperature for the two stations for 1853 is given at 65.54° Fahrenheit, and the amount of rain for the same year as 8.20 inches. The station was abandoned in April, 1854.

CAMP CADY—is said to have been regularly established as a military station in 1868, but small bodies of infantry had occupied a position near the latter establishment for several years previously. The regular establishment was on the north bank of the Mojave River, and on the road leading from Wilmington, California, on the coast, (distant 151 miles), to northern Arizona. It was named in honor of Col. Cady of the Eighth U. S. Infantry. It was occupied by infantry, and was established to protect the sparsely settled district of Southern California, and the line of travel to Utah and Arizona, against the roving bands of Indians that infested that part of the country at that time. The country in which the station was situated is considered a part of the Mojave desert, and is dry and mostly sterile. The mean annual temperature for the year of 1868 is given as 68.18° Fahrenheit, the maximum as 116° , minimum 22° , with the remark that "there has been but very little rain in this locality." The post was abandoned as a military station in 1871.

DRUM BARRACKS—are situated in Los Angeles County, California, one mile from, and thirty-five feet above tide water, at Wilmington, in latitude $33^{\circ} 42'$ N., and longitude $118^{\circ} 17' 8''$ W., being about twenty miles south of Los Angeles city. The Barracks have the ocean on the south side, but on the other sides are surrounded by

a plain which reaches inland to the foot hills and spurs of the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada mountains. The Barracks were established in September, 1862, as a result of the late war, and named in honor of Adjutant General Drum. At first they were occupied by California volunteers, but later as a sort of rendezvous for recruits for the troops in Arizona, and a depot for supplies for the same, when the permanent garrison consisted of only one company of regular troops.

The hospital was the largest and most substantial building at the Barracks, and was considered and used as a sort of general hospital for the sick of the transient troops. The writer was stationed there as the chief medical officer of the hospital, from April, 1866, to May, 1869. The mean annual temperature for that time at the Barracks I find recorded as 62° Fahrenheit; maximum 102°, and minimum 32°.

The Barracks, as a military establishment, were abandoned in 1871, and the buildings subsequently sold at auction, some of which were removed, some burned down, and some, with the hospital building, still remain.